



image

60  
APR

DIGITAL  
EDITION

# SPAWN



SPAWN  
was  
HERE

Capullo  
97

McFarlane  
CW



**image**® COMICS PRESENTS:

# "DWARFED"



story

**TODD McFARLANE**

pencils

**GREG CAPULLO**

Child's art by Cyan McFarlane

inks

**TODD McFARLANE**  
**CHANCE WOLF**

copy editor & letters

**TOM ORZECOWSKI**

color

**BRIAN HABERLIN**  
**DAN KEMP**

Dedicated to  
**Steve Geppi**

## Spawn #59 Summary:

Spawn pressures Terry into making a final move against Jason Wynn using Major Forsberg's information. Later that day, Cyan appears to be kidnapped by Spawn. Confused and distraught, Terry and Wanda try to understand their relationship with Spawn and explain it to the police who search the alleys for their daughter. Meanwhile, Jason Wynn finds out that Terry has been the one in the department leaking information to Wynn's "clients". Elsewhere, a scared, cold, hungry, tired and tearful Cyan is forced to color pictures for the real kidnapper-the Clown.

**FOR IMAGE COMICS**  
**LARRY MARDER - Executive Director**

SPAWN #60, Digital Edition. Published by IMAGE COMICS 1440 N. Harbor Boulevard, Suite 305, Fullerton, CA 92635. Spawn®, its logo and its symbol are Registered Trademarks 1997 of Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All other related characters are Registered TM and TM and © 1997 Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All rights reserved. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Todd McFarlane.



President of Entertainment, Publishing & Licensing: TERRY FITZGERALD  
Graphics Coordinator: JULIA SIMMONS Editorial Coordinator: MELANIE SIMMONS

**CHECK OUT THE SPAWN WEB SITE AT... <http://www.spawn.com>**



ASLEEP.

WANDA HAS, FOR THE MOMENT, FOUND UNWANTED RELIEF FROM HER WAKING NIGHTMARE... THE ABDUCTION OF CYAN, HER ONLY DAUGHTER.

WHEN THE POLICE CAME, SHE TOLD THEM EVERYTHING SHE COULD REMEMBER. BUT LONG AFTER THEIR DEPARTURE, HER MIND KEPT GNAWING AT THOSE MEMORIES, FRANTICALLY SEARCHING FOR A HIDDEN CLUE. SHE'D FORGOTTEN SOMETHING. SHE HAD TO HAVE. BECAUSE NONE OF THIS MAKES ANY SENSE.

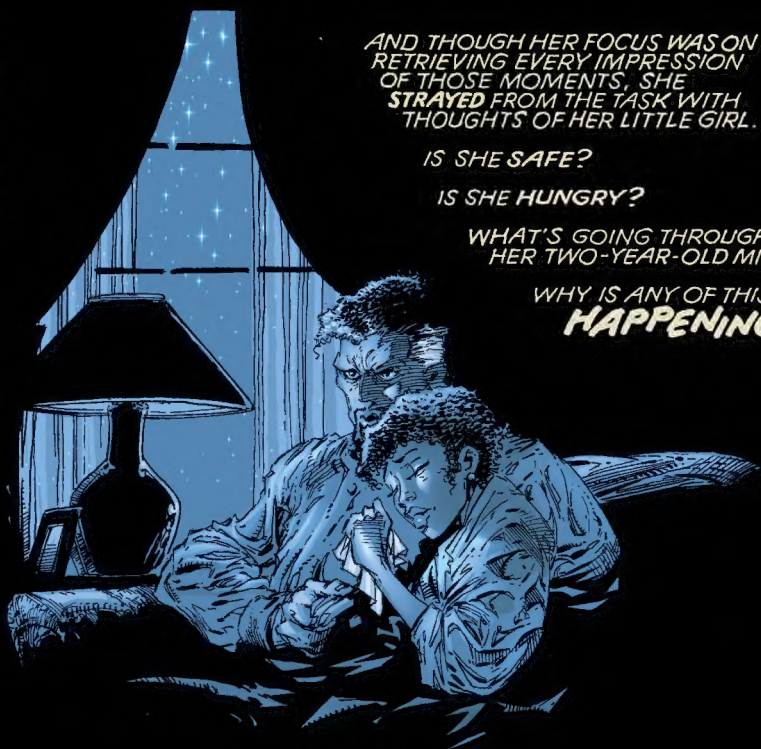
AND THOUGH HER FOCUS WAS ON RETRIEVING EVERY IMPRESSION OF THOSE MOMENTS, SHE **STRAYED** FROM THE TASK WITH THOUGHTS OF HER LITTLE GIRL.

IS SHE SAFE?

IS SHE HUNGRY?

WHAT'S GOING THROUGH HER TWO-YEAR-OLD MIND?

WHY IS ANY OF THIS **HAPPENING??!**



OVER AND OVER, WANDA RELIVED IT ALL, PRAYING FOR THE RETURN OF HER BABY.

FINALLY, EXHAUSTION OVERWHELMED HER.


LEAVING HER HUSBAND ALONE WITH A NAGGING FEAR THAT HE'S INVOLVED.



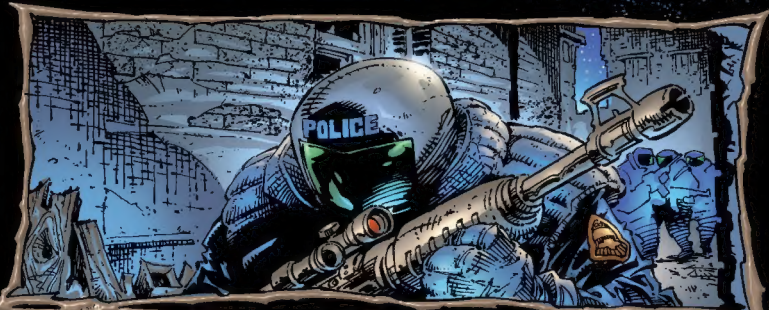
FEAR THAT THE MAN ONCE MARRIED TO WANDA-- ONCE HIS BEST FRIEND-- WHO DIED AND CAME BACK TO LIFE-- COULD ALSO BE THE **KIDNAPPER.**

DAMN YOU, AL.

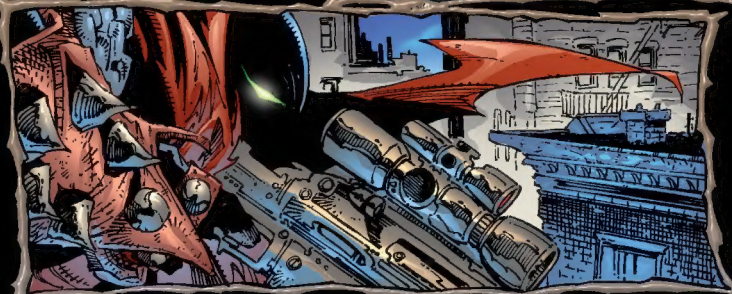


A large illustration at the top of the page shows Spawn, a character with a red and black suit and a large, bat-like wing, flying over a city at night. The city is filled with tall buildings and smoke, and the sky is dark with some stars visible.

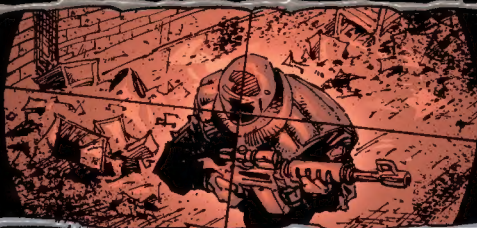
*Now, in the heart  
of New York's  
sprawling maze  
of alleys, a war  
is about to be  
waged.*



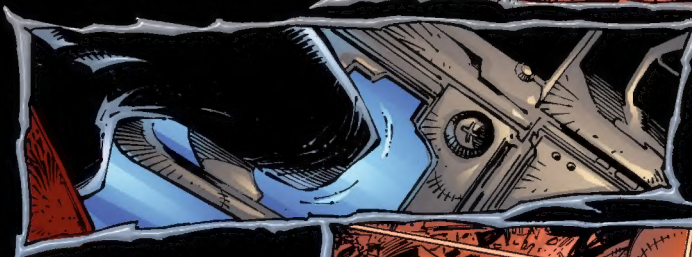
*A small army of  
police specialists  
is pitted against  
a man whose own  
training, before  
his death, was in  
the art of killing.*



*He'd intended to  
fight elsewhere  
tonight, against his  
former boss Jason  
Wynn, and this new  
threat shouldn't  
be much of a  
distraction--*



*-- Given that Spawn  
is fully aware of  
his enemy, while  
they act as if they're  
chasing a ghost.*



*Someone that  
might not even  
exist.*

A comic book panel showing a close-up of a large, futuristic-looking weapon, possibly a shotgun or a heavy rifle, with a large magazine and a complex mechanism. The weapon is shown in a dark, industrial setting.

*He's about to  
let them know  
that he does.*





No!

HAVEN'T YOU  
LEARNED  
ANYTHING?!

WHY?  
WHAT WERE  
YOU GOING  
TO DO, KILL A  
COP IN COLD  
BLOOD?

THINK,  
MAN!

GET  
YOUR  
HAND  
OFF  
ME.

I DON'T  
HAVE TO.  
NOT WHEN  
IT COMES  
TO WAR.

SO THAT'S WHAT  
THIS IS? A **WAR**?

WELL, I  
**GUARANTEE**  
THAT IF YOU TAKE  
OUT A COUPLE OF  
POLICE OFFICERS,  
YOU'LL **GET** YOUR  
UNHOLY BATTLE.  
EVERY COP IN THIS  
**CITY** WILL BE  
SWARMING INTO  
THIS ALLEY--

--TEARING  
EVERYTHING  
APART UNTIL  
THEY FIND  
YOU.

I'LL  
TAKE MY  
CHANCES.



I'M SURE  
YOU WILL.  
BUT WHAT  
ABOUT THE  
**REST** OF US,  
WHO'LL BE  
CAUGHT IN THE  
MIDDLE?

YOU DON'T  
EVEN KNOW  
WHY THEY'RE  
HERE, DO  
YOU?

**DO  
YOU?!**

No.

**FIND  
OUT!!**  
THEN DO  
YOUR KILLING.  
BUT AT LEAST  
KNOW THE  
**REASON** YOU'RE  
WILLING TO  
MURDER.





FIND  
ANYTHING  
ELSE,  
GEORGE?

YOU MEAN  
THIS ISN'T  
ENOUGH?

CHRIST! I'VE  
BEEN AT THIS JOB  
TWENTY YEARS,  
AND **NOTHING**  
COMPARES TO  
**THIS**.

THERE  
MUST BE OVER A  
DOZEN BODIES IN  
THIS CHAIR. I MEAN,  
THIS GUY IS SITTING ON  
ROTTING **CORPSES**, IN  
THE MIDDLE OF  
SOME FRIGGIN' **GOO**,  
SURROUNDED BY  
**GARBAGE** AND **BUGS**,  
AND HE CALLS  
THIS **HOME**...!

SOMEONE IN  
THAT STATE OF MIND  
IS CAPABLE OF **ANY-  
THING**. WE NEED TO  
FIND THIS CREEP,  
AND **FAST**!

I DON'T  
EVEN WANT  
TO **THINK**  
WHAT HE'S  
PLANNING FOR  
THAT LITTLE  
GIRL.

SOMEONE  
CALL IN, TELL 'EM  
TO SEND TRANSPORT  
FOR THE GORILLA,  
AND LET THEM  
KNOW WE'RE GOING  
DEEPER INTO  
THIS MAZE.

I WANT  
EVERY COP  
THIS SIDE OF  
JERSEY TO HAVE  
A PICTURE OF ...  
WHAT'S THE KID'S  
NAME  
AGAIN? **CYAN**.

RIGHT.  
CIRCULATE  
IT EVERY-  
WHERE.



DON'T MOVE  
A MUSCLE,  
SCUMBAG.

TMP

**GUYS!!**  
OVER HERE!  
I'VE GOT  
HIM!

IT'S THE  
SECOND  
TIME  
TONIGHT  
SPAWN  
HAS LET  
HIS GUARD  
DOWN.

CURSING HIMSELF,  
HE REFOCUSSES  
HIS ANGER.

IT'LL BE TWO WEEKS  
BEFORE THE DOWNED  
OFFICER RETURNS  
TO WORK.



STARTLED COCKROACHES  
SCURRY CHAOTICALLY AS  
PUNGENT WATER DRIPS  
FROM CRACKS IN ANCIENT  
PIPES AND GUTTERS.

BELOW, A CHILD IS FINALLY  
ASLEEP, OVERTAKEN BY  
EXHAUSTION. SHE'S BEEN  
DEPRIVED OF BOTH FOOD  
AND WATER WHILE BEING  
FORCED TO DRAW COUNT-  
LESS SKETCHES, HOUR  
AFTER HOUR--

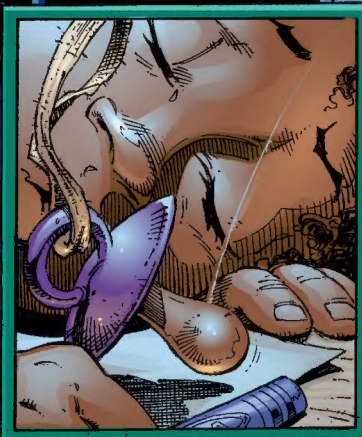
-- DRIVEN BY A MANIAC  
WHOSE ONLY PURPOSE IN  
ABDUCTING THE GIRL IS TO  
DRIVE A WEDGE BETWEEN  
HIS HATED ENEMY, SPAWN,  
AND THOSE WHO  
SURROUND HIM.

EVERYONE INVOLVED  
BELIEVES THE CLOAKED  
HERO IS TO BLAME. THEY  
ARE OBLIVIOUS TO A  
CHANGELING SENT FROM  
A FIERY PIT OF HELL.

YOU BIG  
BABY!

HERE!  
**TAKE**  
YOUR  
STUPID  
SUCKER  
THINGIE.

BUT... I'LL  
NEED TO MAKE  
A LITTLE **TRADE**  
FIRST. AND I  
DON'T GIVE A  
RAT'S ASS  
**HOW COLD**  
IT IS!



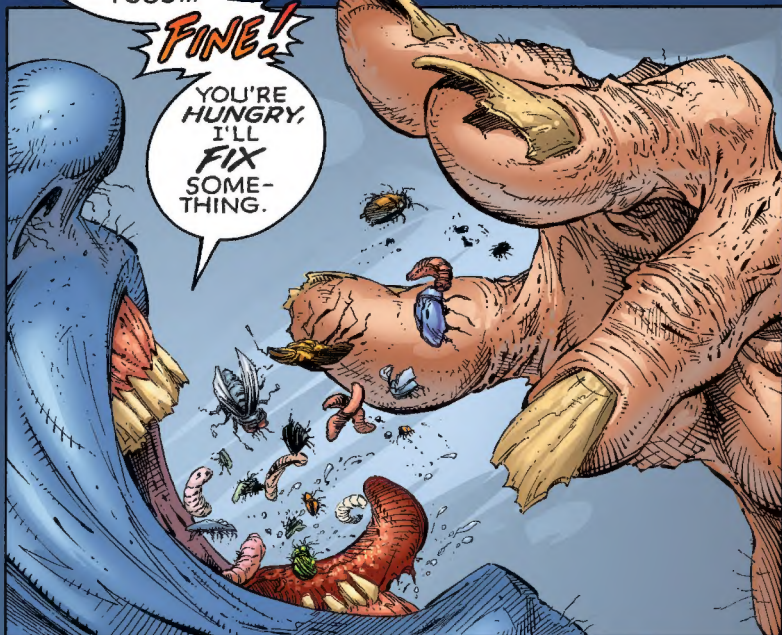




A LITTLE  
**PNEUMONIA**  
AIN'T GOING  
TO KILL YA.

... AND  
EVEN IF  
IT **DOES**,  
IT'S  
YOUR  
LOSS.

'CAUSE I'M  
GETTING **SICK**  
OF YOUR FRIGGIN'  
**CRYING**. ALWAYS  
WHINING FOR  
MOMMY... AND  
DADDY... AND  
FOOD...



**FINE!**

YOU'RE  
HUNGRY.  
I'LL  
**FIX**  
SOME-  
THING.

**CHOMP**  
**CHOMP**  
slurp  
**CHOMP**



**POOF!**

WATCHING  
YOU LITTLE  
HUMANS CHOKE  
ON YOUR OWN  
VOMIT IS  
**ENLIGHTENING**.

ESPECIALLY  
AFTER THE  
**POISON** TAKES  
EFFECT...

HEHE **HE**  
**HE**  
**HEEE**



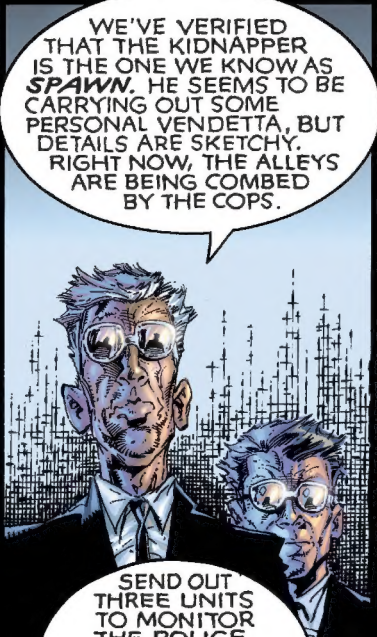




THINGS ARE GETTING **COMPLICATED**, MR. WYNN. THE SURVEILLANCE TEAM CAN'T GET CLOSE TO FITZGERALD'S HOME BECAUSE OF ALL THE POLICE ACTIVITY. IT MAY BE SOME TIME BEFORE OUR OPERATIVES CAN--

YES, I'VE HEARD.

MAKE SURE THAT FITZGERALD DOESN'T USE THIS DISTRACTION TO SLIP THROUGH ANY CRACKS. SO, WHAT ELSE DO YOU KNOW?

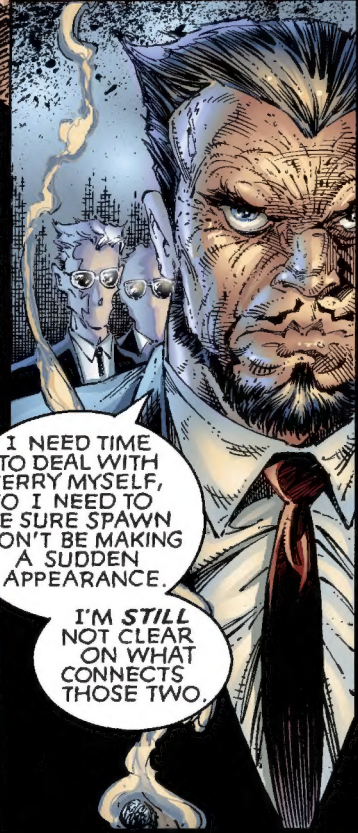


WE'VE VERIFIED THAT THE KIDNAPPER IS THE ONE WE KNOW AS **SPAWN**. HE SEEMS TO BE CARRYING OUT SOME PERSONAL VENDETTA, BUT DETAILS ARE SKETCHY. RIGHT NOW, THE ALLEYS ARE BEING COMBED BY THE COPS.

SEND OUT THREE UNITS TO MONITOR THE POLICE ACTIVITY. I WANT TO KNOW **EXACTLY** WHAT'S HAPPENING DOWN THERE.

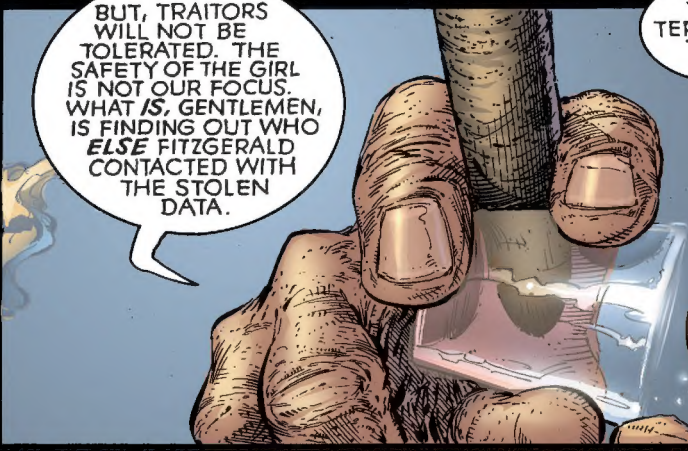


YES, SIR.



I NEED TIME TO DEAL WITH TERRY MYSELF, SO I NEED TO BE SURE **SPAWN** WON'T BE MAKING A SUDDEN APPEARANCE.

I'M **STILL** NOT CLEAR ON WHAT CONNECTS THOSE TWO.



BUT, TRAITORS WILL NOT BE TOLERATED. THE SAFETY OF THE GIRL IS NOT OUR FOCUS. WHAT **IS**, GENTLEMEN, IS FINDING OUT WHO **ELSE** FITZGERALD CONTACTED WITH THE STOLEN DATA.



THEN, TERMINATE THEM.





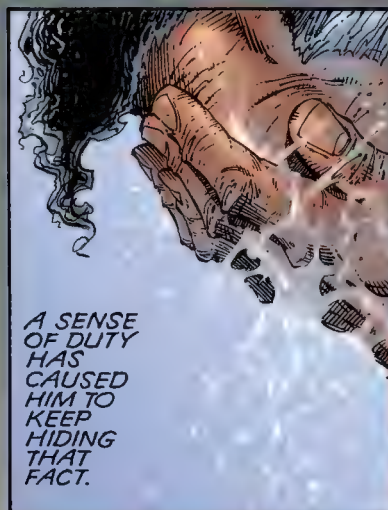
HE'D EXCUSED HIMSELF TO GO TO THE BATH-ROOM, ASKING WANDA IF SHE'D BE OKAY.



HE'S TRYING TO BE STRONG IN HIS WIFE'S PRESENCE...



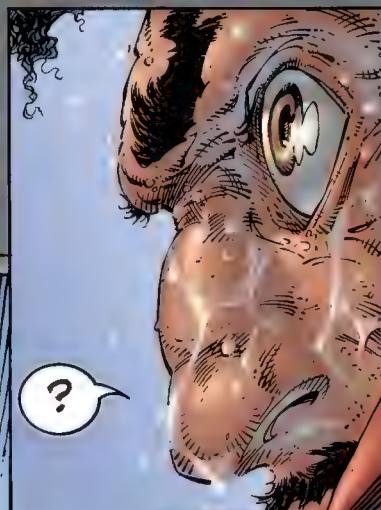
...BUT TERRY ISN'T IMMUNE TO THIS TRAUMA, EITHER.



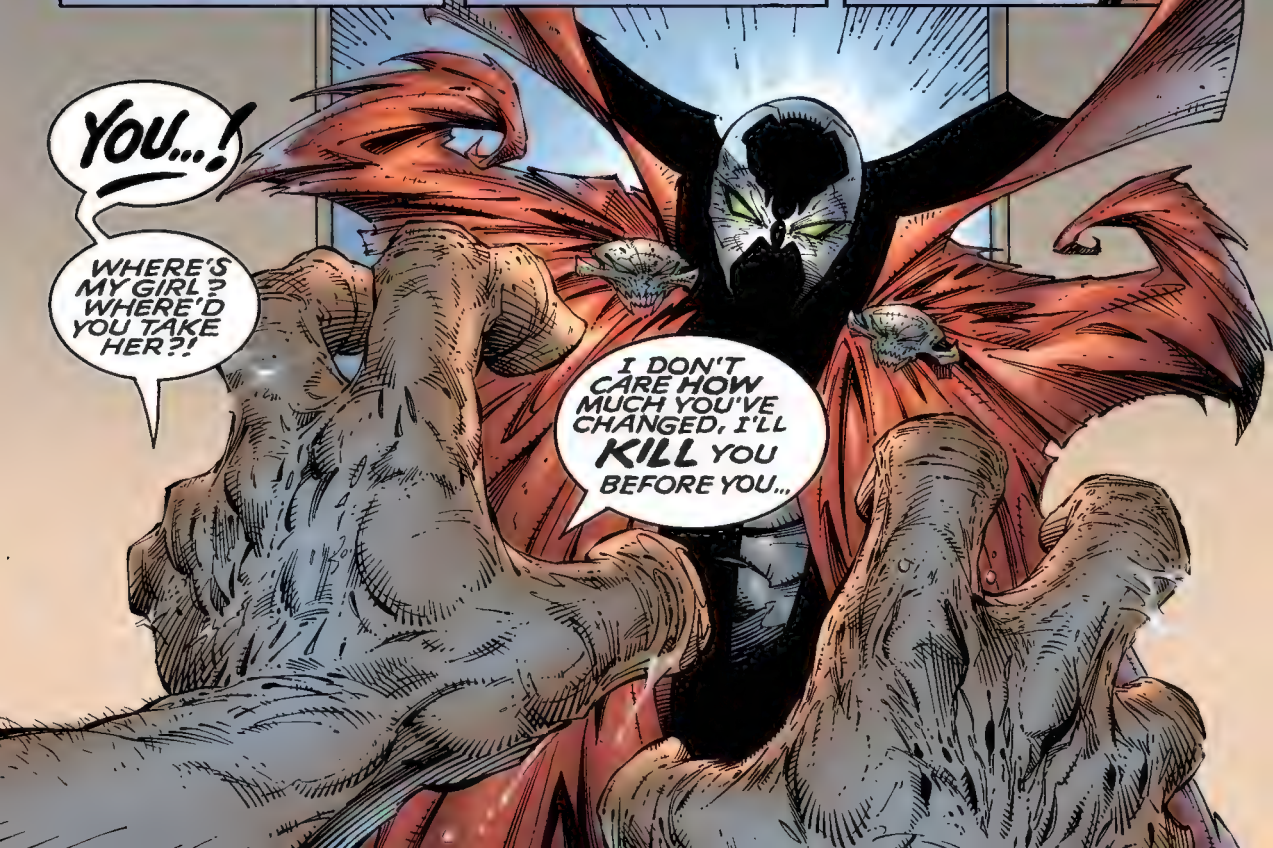
A SENSE OF DUTY HAS CAUSED HIM TO KEEP HIDING THAT FACT.



GOD, HELP ME.



?



**You...!**

WHERE'S MY GIRL?  
WHERE'D YOU TAKE HER?!

I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH YOU'VE CHANGED, I'LL **KILL** YOU BEFORE YOU...





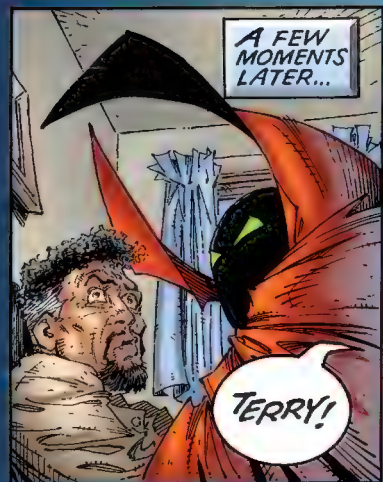
SHUT UP!

NOW YOU LISTEN TO ME, TERRY. I NEED TO KNOW WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO CYAN?

I JUST WANT MY GIRL BACK! YOU CAN HAVE WHATEVER ELSE YOU NEED! ARE YOU **CRAZY?!!**

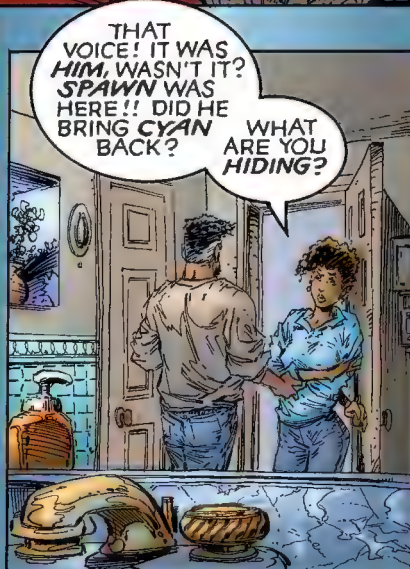
I DON'T HAVE HER! UNDERSTAND? IT WASN'T ME. NOW YOU CAN EITHER BELIEVE THAT AND HELP ME GET HER BACK OR DO NOTHING.

YOU'VE SEEN HOW I LIVE NOW. THE UNHOLY FORCES THAT MADE ME ARE CAPABLE OF ANYTHING! INCLUDING SHAPESHIFTING. YOUR CHILD IS JUST A TOY IN THEIR SADISTIC GAME. SO I NEED SOME ANSWERS!!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

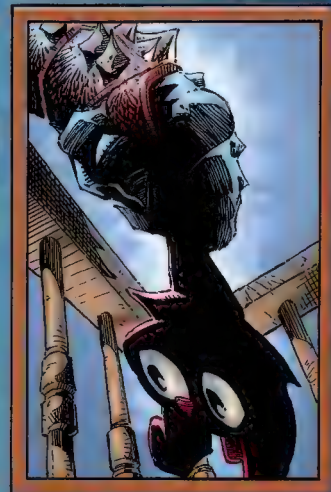
TERRY!



THAT VOICE! IT WAS HIM, WASN'T IT? SPAWN WAS HERE!! DID HE BRING CYAN BACK?

WHAT ARE YOU HIDING?

DOWN THE HALL, A BLACK, LEATHERY HAND REMOVES A SPECIFIC ITEM



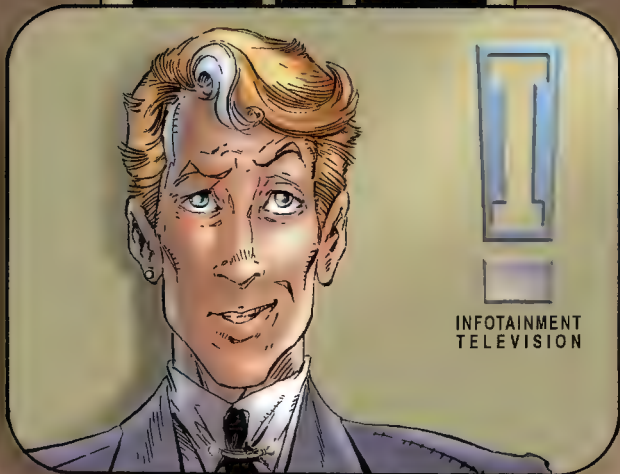




...IN GENEVA AGREED TO INVESTIGATIONS INTO WHAT THEY CALLED "THESE DISRUPTIONS". BOTH SIDES PLEDGED TO WORK TOWARD RESUMPTION OF PEACE NEGOTIATIONS. THE PRESIDENT ISSUED A STATEMENT, CALLING THE TALKS A "PRIORITY OF THE HIGHEST ORDER, AN OPPORTUNITY TO PUT ASIDE SHORT-TERM INTERESTS AND SUSPICIONS IN FAVOR OF LARGER NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL IDEALS."

IN THE BACKGROUND TO THE TENSIONS ARE ARMS SALES AGREEMENTS WHICH ARE BEING IGNORED, ACCORDING TO WELL-DOCUMENTED REPORTS. REBEL GROUPS, GENERALLY ARMING THEMSELVES WITH WEAPONS STOLEN FROM THE MILITARY, HAVE BEGUN RAIDING EACH OTHERS' CAMPS FOR INCREASINGLY SCARCE GUNS AND AMMUNITION. WHILE MILITARY BASES ON BOTH SIDES HAVE BEEFED UP SECURITY AROUND THEIR OWN ORDNANCE STOCKPILES.

ARMS MANUFACTURERS IN THE U.S. HAVE DENIED KNOWLEDGE OF ANY DISRUPTIONS IN SHIPMENT DELIVERIES.



THE LIES! THE SCHEMES AND DUPLICITY! THERE'S JUST **NOTHING** LIKE BEING ON HAND WHEN GREAT NATIONS SIT DOWN TO MAKE NICE WITH ONE ANOTHER.

THE TOPIC ON EVERYONE'S MIND AT THESE PEACE TALKS IS THE SHORTAGE OF **GUNS**, AND THIS REPORTER HAS TO WONDER IF WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME **REALITY**. I'VE SEEN NO SHORTAGE OF ARMED MEN SINCE I ARRIVED AT THE CONFERENCE SITE HERE IN GENEVA. MAYBE IT'S JUST AN AFFECTATION OF THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.

MEANWHILE, THE BUZZ BEHIND THE BUZZ HAS TO DO WITH A SHORTAGE OF **NOT** **UNIFORMS** AMONG THE REBELS. IT SEEMS THESE NATIONS' ARMIES HAVE BEEN STOPPING THE REBEL CAMPS TO STEAL THEIR WEAPONS BACK. THEY'VE BEEN HAVING THE WORST TIME TRYING TO DETERMINE IF THE DICTOS THEY'RE BREAKING DOWN BELONG TO REBELS OR JUST BLACK MARKETEERS. **ONE** HATES TO APOLOGIZE UNNECESSARILY.



NOW **HERE'S** A GOOD ONE! ENTIRE CONTAINER SHIP'S FILLED WITH MATHS. DELIVERY SYSTEMS ARE WASHING AND NO ONE IS WILLING TO SAY THE WORD "THEFT"! COULD IT BE THAT THE ADMINISTRATION IS UNWILKING OF THE CABAL OF ROGUE AGENTS ON THE VERY PAYROLL?

HELL OF A WIDE AWAKE!

ISN'T IT TIME TO ASK SOME QUESTIONS OF THOSE BADLY-DRESSED GUYS WITH THE MUSTACHES AND THE BLACK SUCKETS? THEIR CENTRALLY-INTELLIGENT AGENTS? THERE'S NO REASON TO DOUBT THAT I'VE RUN A CATCHER ONE OF HIS "BOYS" CLAY. PUT UP WITH THE WIND AT THE INTERNATIONAL DOGME JAM. WHY DON'T YOU JUST COME RIGHT OUT AND TELL US WHAT?

WHAT A SHORT DOGME!



HE DOESN'T KNOW  
IF IT WILL WORK,  
BUT RIGHT  
NOW IT'S THE  
ONLY THING  
THAT MAKES  
SENSE--

--TO TRY TO CONNECT TO  
CYAN'S AURA VIA SOME  
PHYSICAL OBJECT.

THERE WERE TWO THINGS  
CYAN CLUNG TO LATELY.  
ONE WAS THE  
STUFFED ANIMAL  
NOW HELD  
TIGHTLY IN  
SPAWN'S GRASP.

THE OTHER, A  
NECKLACE MADE  
FROM AN OLD  
SOOTHER AND A SHOE-  
LACE SHE'D FOUND AT  
THE HOSPITAL DURING  
TERRY'S ILLNESS.

IT'S THE SAME SHOELACE  
THAT SPAWN WORE, STITCHED  
INTO HIS FACE, UNTIL RECENTLY.

OUR CRIMSON  
WARRIOR HOPES  
THAT, SINCE CYAN  
HAS A PIECE OF HIS  
PAST AND HE HAS A  
PIECE OF MINE, THERE  
EXISTS A BOND OF  
RESIDUAL INVESTED  
ENERGY THAT  
SHOULD LINK  
THE TWO.

MEANWHILE,  
THE AIR GROWS  
COLDER AS  
THE HOURS  
DRIFT AWAY.







YOU SAID  
YOU WERE  
**THIRSTY!**  
NOW TAKE  
IT!!

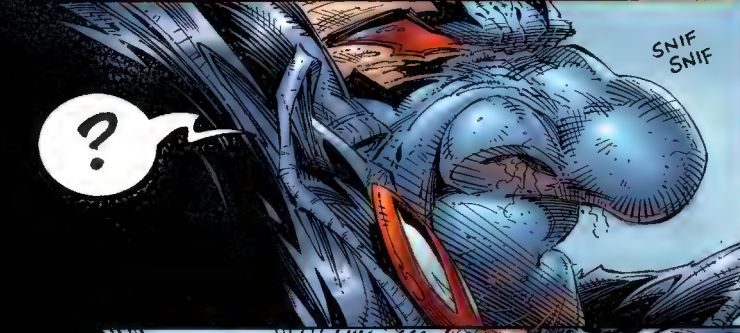
NO! NO!  
**NO!!**  
ME DON'T  
WANT.



I'M NOT  
ASKING YOU,  
BITCH! I'M  
TELLING YOU!!  
**NOW  
DRINK  
IT UP!**



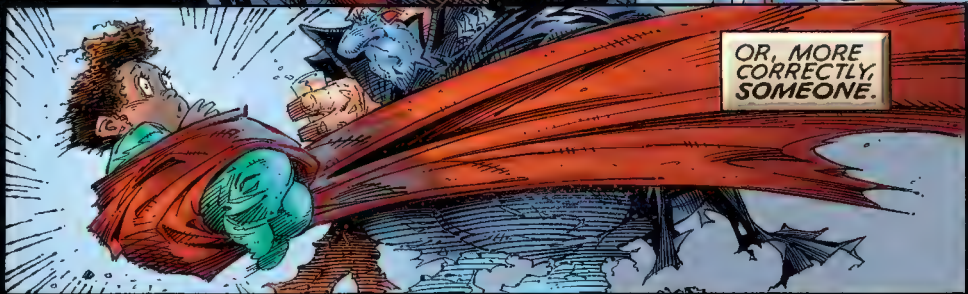
-- BEFORE  
I SHOVE IT  
DOWN YOUR  
SCRAWNY  
LITTLE...



SNIF  
SNIF

?

SOMETHING HAS JUST  
TRIGGERED CLOWN'S  
SENSES.



OR, MORE  
CORRECTLY,  
SOMEONE.



GO AHEAD!  
**TRY** AND PROTECT  
HER. YOU'RE A  
BIGGER FOOL  
THAN I THOUGHT  
IF YOU THINK  
IT'LL **LAST.**

SHE'S **MINE,**  
SPAWNIE OL'  
BOY. AND I DIDN'T  
SAY YOU COULD  
HAVE HER  
YET.



AS THE DEMONIC DWARF RANTS, SPAWN COMMANDS HIS LIVING OUTER SHELL:

"COMFORT THE CHILD."

IT OBEYS.

HE KNOWS HE SHOULD LEAVE. JUST GET CYAN TO SAFETY IMMEDIATELY. BUT HE'S GROWN TIRED OF THIS GAME. ALWAYS WAITING FOR HELL TO MAKE THE NEXT MOVE.

IT'S TIME THAT STOPPED.

LET'S END THIS. YOU WANT THE CHILD, THEN YOU COME GET HER. NOW!

BUT YOU'D BETTER BE READY TO  
**KILL ME FIRST!**

ALL IS QUIET FOR A MOMENT. THEN, LIKE SOME WAILING BANSHEE, THE CLOWN STARTS TO LAUGH.

LOUDER.  
AND LOUDER.

HE'S TAUNTING SPAWN.



SHOCK!!

KUGK!

SAY YOUR  
PRAYERS,  
FAT BOY.

WHAT'S THE  
MATTER? YOU  
THOUGHT I WAS  
JUST GOING TO  
STAND HERE AND  
LET YOU BLOW MY  
BRAINS OUT?

Tsk <  
>tsk!

YOU AREN'T  
VERY **SHARP**,  
ARE YOU?

AFTER  
ALL, I COME  
FROM HELL  
**TOO**, CHAR-  
BABY.  
IT'S NOT BY  
ACCIDENT THAT  
MALEBOLGIA  
CHOSE  
**ME** TO BE  
YOUR  
SHADOW!

SO, AS  
GOOD AS  
YOU THINK  
YOU **ARE**, US  
**TRUE-BORNS**  
OF HELL HAVE  
POWERS YOU  
CAN'T EVEN  
**IMAGINE**.

KLIK  
KLIK  
KLIK



PREOCCUPIED  
WITH HIS  
BOASTING,  
CLOWN DOESN'T  
SEE SPAWN'S  
COSTUME  
BEGIN TO RIPPLE  
UNTIL IT'S TOO  
LATE--

YAAH!!

-- AS SPIKES DRIVE  
CLEAR THROUGH  
BOTH OF CLOWN'S  
ARMS. IN HIS  
RAGE, SPAWN  
DIRECTED HIS  
COSTUME INTO  
'ATTACK' MODE.  
HIS ORDER HAS  
BEEN CARRIED OUT.

SO TOO DO THE  
CHAINS SERVE  
THEIR MASTER,  
EASILY CRUSHING  
THE WRISTS OF ITS  
HOST'S ENEMY.

NOW, FOR THE FIRST  
TIME SINCE AL  
SIMMONS BECAME  
UNDEAD, HE'S  
MANIPULATING  
HIS COSTUME WITH  
CONVICTION.

WITH  
PURPOSE.

GNRR...  
SPTT!

I'VE BEEN  
PATIENT LONG  
ENOUGH, YOU  
HUMAN SACK  
OF CRAP.

HAVE YOU  
FORGOTTEN  
ABOUT MY  
TRUE FORM?  
YOU'VE NEVER  
BEEN A MATCH  
FOR THE

**VIOLATOR!**

AS THE METAMOR-  
PHOSIS BEGINS,  
THE CONSTRAINTS  
BINDING CLOWN  
ALSO CHANGE.



RAZOR-SHARP LINKS  
LIMIT VIOLATOR'S GROWTH,  
PAINFULLY CUTTING INTO  
LEATHERY FLESH EACH TIME  
THE ATTEMPT IS MADE--

--SLICING THROUGH  
HELL-FORMED  
CARTILAGE AND  
TENDONS--

--FORCING THE  
CLOWN TO  
REMAIN IN  
HIS SADISTIC,  
BLOATED FORM.

YOUR  
REIGN OF  
TERROR IS  
OVER, FREAK.  
AND WHEN I'M  
THROUGH WITH  
YOU, WYNN AND  
CHAPEL ARE  
NEXT.

CHAPEL?

**CHAPEL?!**

YOU MORON.  
HE DIDN'T KILL  
YOU! Hee-hee...  
YOU MEAN AFTER  
ALL THIS YOU *STILL*  
DON'T KNOW WHO  
**WHACKED**  
YOU?!!

**GOOD!**  
THAT'LL BE  
ANOTHER  
QUESTION TO  
HAUNT YOU  
**FOREVER** WHILE  
YOUR SOUL ROTS  
IN HELL.



WELL,  
TAKE A  
GOOD, LONG  
LOOK AROUND,  
SPAWNIE, THEN,  
AFTER I KILL  
YOU, THE KID  
GETS SNUFFED  
IN **TWO**  
**SECONDS!**



**THAK!**

NO.  
YOU  
TAKE A  
LOOK.

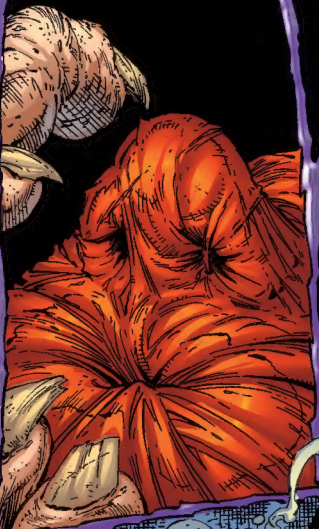
**SKCH**



NECROPLASM  
SPATTERS THE  
GROUND AS  
THE BLOOD-  
COLORED CLOAK  
SWALLOWS  
CLOWN'S HEAD  
WHOLE.



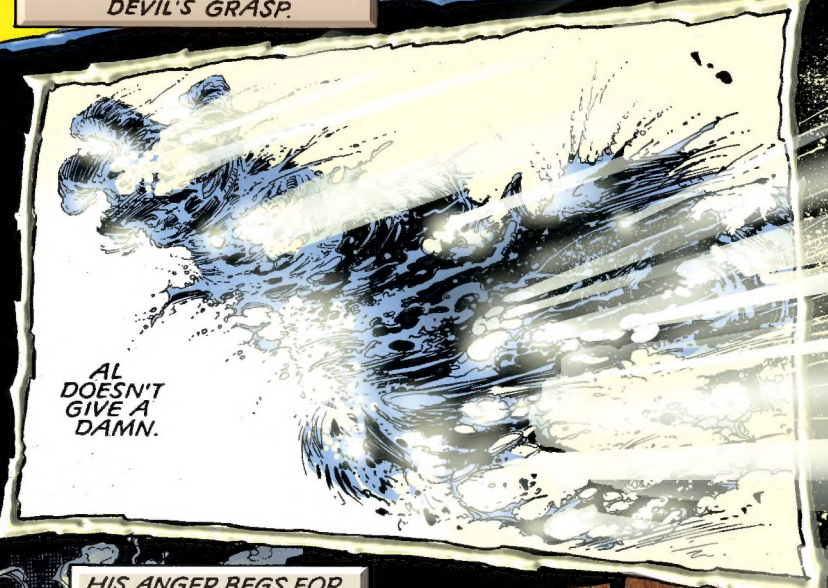
ANY AIR SUPPLY  
IS CHOKED OFF  
WITH A VACUUM-  
LIKE SUCTION.



SPAWN'S NEXT MOVE WILL  
COST HIM PRECIOUS ENERGY,  
INCHING HIS SOUL THAT  
MUCH CLOSER TO THE  
DEVIL'S GRASP.



AL  
DOESN'T  
GIVE A  
DAMN.



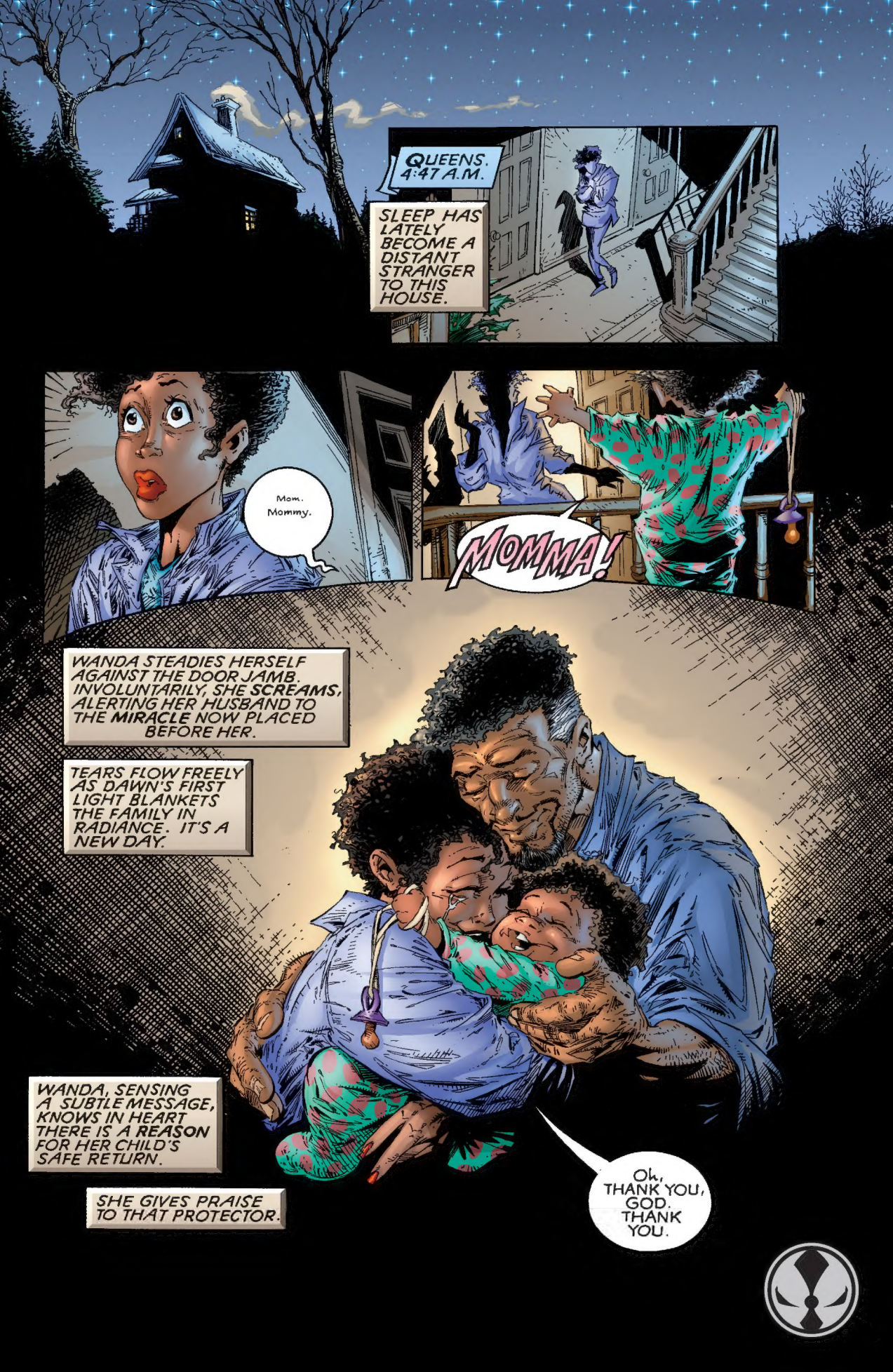
HIS ANGER BEGS FOR  
RELEASE, A KIND OF  
SPIRITUAL ACID BATH.

WITH THAT  
DONE, HE  
TURNS HIS  
ATTENTION  
ELSEWHERE...

...TO ANOTHER SOUL, INNOCENT NO  
LONGER... NOW TAINTED BY HIS CURSE.







QUEENS.  
4:47 A.M.

SLEEP HAS  
LATELY  
BECOME A  
DISTANT  
STRANGER  
TO THIS  
HOUSE.

Mom.  
Mommy.

**MOMMA!**

WANDA STEADIES HERSELF  
AGAINST THE DOOR JAMB.  
INVOLUNTARILY, SHE SCREAMS,  
ALERTING HER HUSBAND TO  
THE MIRACLE NOW PLACED  
BEFORE HER.

TEARS FLOW FREELY  
AS DAWN'S FIRST  
LIGHT BLANKETS  
THE FAMILY IN  
RADIANCE. IT'S A  
NEW DAY.

WANDA, SENSING  
A SUBTLE MESSAGE,  
KNOWS IN HEART  
THERE IS A REASON  
FOR HER CHILD'S  
SAFE RETURN.

SHE GIVES PRAISE  
TO THAT PROTECTOR.

Oh,  
THANK YOU,  
GOD.  
THANK  
YOU.







Tyrant  
Lizard  
King

EMPIRE